

Childhood.

Far in the mystical confines of regions celestial,
Where the sun moon and stars have their birth, and the river
of life has its source,
God planted the kingdom of childhood, and gave it in charge
To fill it with shining and beauty, and shield it from ills
of his angels
That perplex.
There the exiled descendants of Adam may dwell in the confines
of Heaven,
And read in the clear eyes of childhood the glory of
wonderful things,
For bright spirits hover around, unseen by all but the
children,
And a light on the infantine faces reveals that they
whisper with God.
That land is a region of wonders, for God, who loveth
the children,
calling them ever to ~~him~~ Him with accents of loving
command,
Willed that beauty and joy might be theirs, and that
peace might encompass them ever,
And no evil defile their bright kingdom, defended by
angels and men.
There the day with rich splendour is glowing, and the night is
a world of enchantment,
When earth rests in magical quietude under the dark
glittered sky;
There the moon and the stars have breath, and the throb
of their musical whispers
Descends in the stillness of eve to the hush of the
listening world;
There the near and the far are one, and the blessed and
exiled may mingle,
For the children are white links of blossom that join the
Heaven and earth.
Every mortal for some brief time may reign in the kingdom
of childhood,
Then alas must lay down its sceptre, and pass to the region
beyond.